"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Author of " The Jungle Book," " Barrack-Roon

CHAPTER X.

But it was otherwise with the We're Here's silent .cook, for he came up, his kit in a hand-kerchief and boarded the "Constance." Pay was no particular object, and he did not in the least care where he slept. His business as reverled to him in dreams was to follow Harvey. They tried argument and, at last, persuasion, but there is a difference between one Cape Breton and two Alabama negroes, and the presumed, Harvey might need a body servant some day or other, and was sure one volunteer was worth five hirelings. Let the man stay. therefore; even though he called himself Mac-Donald and swore in Gaelle. The car could go back to Boston, where, if he were still of the same mind, they would take him West,

With the "Constance," which in his heart of hearts he loa hed, departed the last remnant of Cheyne's millionairedon, and he save himself up to an energetic idleness. This Gloucester was a new town in a new land. and he purposed to take it in as of old he had taken in all the cities from Snohomish to San Diego of that world whence he hafled. They made money along the crooked street, which was half wharf and half ship's store; as a leading professional he wished to learn how the noble come was played. Men said that four out of every five fishballs served at New England's Sunday breakfast came from Glouceser, and overwhelmed him with figures in proof statistics of boats, gear, wharf frontare, capital invested, salting, packing, factor-ies, insurance, waves, repairs, and profits. He talked with the owners of the large fleets whose skippers were little more than hired men, and whose crews were almost all Swedes or Portuguese. Then he conferred with Diske, one of the few who owned their craft, and compared notes in his vast head. He colled himself away on chain cables in marins junk shops, asking questions with cheerful unstaked Western curiosity till all the water front wanted to know "waat in thunder that man was after, anyhow." He took a chair at the Mutual Insurance rooms and demanded explanations of the mysterious remarks chalked up on the blackboard day by day; and that brought down upon him secretaries of every Fisherman's Widow and Orphan Ald Society within the city limits.

They begged shamelersty, each man anxlous to beat the other institution's record and Cheyne tugged at hi beard and handed them all over to Mrs. Cheyne. She was resting in a boarding house near Eastern Point a strange establishment managed, apparently, by the boarders themselves, where the tablecloths were red and white chequered, and the population, who seemed to have known one another in timately for years, rose up at midnight to make We'sh rarebits if it felt hungry. On the second morning of her stay Mrs. Cheyne put away her big diamond earrings before she came down to breakfast. She, too, was meeting

new experiences.
"They're most delightful people," she confiden to her husband; "so friendly and simple, too, though they are all Boston, nearly," "That isn't simpleness, mother," he said, looking across the boulders behind the apple trees where the hammocks were slung. "It's

the other thing that we that I haven't got. " "There can't be," said Mrs. Cheyne, quietly. "I know it, dear. We have of source, we have. I guess it's only the style they wear

East. Are you having a good time?"
"I don't see very much of Harvey; he's always with you, but I aint't near as nervous as

"I haven't had such a good time since Wille died. I never rightly understood that I had a son before this. Harve's got to be a great boy. Anything I can get you, dear. Cushion under your head? Well, we'll go down to the wharf again and take a look around."

Harvey was his father's shadow in those Cheyne using the grades as an excuse for laying his hand on the boy's square shoulder. It was then that Harvey noticed and admired what had never struck him before-bis father's curious power of getting at the heart of new matters as learned from men in the street. 'How d'you make 'em tell you everything

without opening your head?" demanded the ser, as they came out of a rigger's loft "I've dealt with quite a few me" in my time,

"I've dealt with quite a few me" in my time. Harve, and one sizes 'em up somehow, I guess. I know something about myself, too." Then, after a pause, as they sat down on a wharf edge: "Men can most always tell when a man has handled things for himself, and then they treat him as one of themselves." "Same as they treat me down at Wouverman's wharf. I'm one of the crowd now. Bisko has told every one I've earned my pay." Hirvey spread out his hands and rubbed the taims together. "They're all soft again," he said dolefully.

Hirvey spread out his hands and rubbed the taims together. "They're all soft again," he sain dolefully.

"Keep 'em that way for the next few years, while you're getting your education. You can harden 'em ue after."

"Yees, I suppose so," was the answer, in no delighted voce.

"it rests with you, Harve. You can take cover behind your mamma, of course, and put her to fussing about your nerves and your high-strunguess and all that pappy-cock."

"Have I ever done that?" said Harvey, uneasity.

ranity.

It is father turned where he sat and thrust one a long hand. "You know as well as I do that I can t make anything out of you if you don't act straight by me. I can handle you alone if you'll stay alone, but I don't pretend to manage both you and your mamma. Life's too short, anyway."

Don't make me out much of a follow, does the

"Don't make me out much of a follow, does it?"

"I sucessit's been my fault a good deal; but if you want the truth, you haven't been much of anything up to date. Now, have you?"

"I sucessit's been my fault a good deal; but if you want the truth, you haven't been much of anything up to date. Now, have you?"

"Unim. Disso this as "Say, what dyou reckon it's cost you to raise me from the start—dist and last and all over?"

Cheyne smiled. "I've never kept track, but I should estimate, in dollars, nearer forty than the riy thousand. The young generation cames high. It has to have things and it tree of 'em, and—the ole man foots the bill."

Harvey whistled, but at heart he was rather pleased to think that his "buringing had cost so much. "And all sunk capital, isn't I'?"

"Invested, Harve. Invested, I hope,"

"daking it only thirty thousand, the thirty I've earned is about ten cents on the hungred. That's a mighty poor catch." Harves wagged his head solemnity. Chevne laughed till he braity iell off the pile into the water.

"Black has got a heap more than that out of Dan since he was ten; and Dan's at school half the year, too."

"The that's what you're after, is it?"

"No. I'm not after anything. I'm not stock on myself any just now—that's all ** I ought to be kicked."

"I can't do it, old man; or I would, I presume, if I'd teen made that way."

"Then I'd have remembered it to the last day I lived—and never torgiven you," said Harvey, his chin on his doubled fists.

"Exactly. That's what I'd do. You see?"

"I see. The fauli's with me and no one else, All, the samey, something seet to be done."

I lived and never lorgiven you, "said Harvey, his chin on his doubled fists.

"Exactly. That's what i'd do. You see?"

"I see. The fault's with me and no one else. All the samey, something's sot to be done."

Cheyne drew a cigar from his vest pocket, bit off the end and felt to smoking. Father and som were very much alike; for the beard hid Cheyne's mouth, and Harvey had his father's shi hily aquithe nose, close set black eyes, and narrow, high cheek hones. With a touch of brown paint he would have made up very interrequely as a red Indian in the story boo s. "New you can go on from here." said Cheyne slowly, 'costing me between sig and eight thousand a year till you're a lover, Well, we'll call you a man then. You can go onight on from that, living on me to the tune of forty or fifty thousand, besides what you'r a black will give you, with a waiet and a yearst or a se trotting stock and play cards with your own crowd."

"the Lorry Tuck?" Harvey pittin.

"ten, or the two les vitre boys or old man Mc-lunder's sen. California's full of 'em, and here's an Eastern sample while we're raking."

A sairy black steam wacht with mahogany ee k house, neckel pitted binnacles, and pink and white striped awnings, unfect up the harbor, flying the burnee of some "ew York club, Thas Lorry Care the two les vitre by sor old man the house, neckel pitted binnacles, and pink and white striped awnings, unfect up the harbor, flying the burnee of some "ew York club, The sound man in what they conceived to be sea costomes were thaying cards by the saloon at viteth, and or come of women with red and bine narasois looked on and laughed noisily. "Sheuldn't care to be caught out it, her in any sert of a breeze. No beam." and Harvey,

critically, as the yacnt slowed to pick up a critically, as the yacht slowed to pick up a mooring buoy.

"They're having what stands them for a good time. I can give you that and twice as much as that. Harve. How d'you like it?"

"Casar! That's ne way to get a dinghy overside." said Harvey, still intent on the yacht.

"If I couldn't alin a tackle better than that I'd stay ashore " " What if I don't?"

"Yacht and ranch and live on the old man; and get behind manma when there is trouble," said Harvey, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Why, in that case you come right in with me, my son."

me, my son."
"Ten dollars a month?" Another twinkle.
"Not a cent mere unless you're worth it,
and you won't touch that for a few years."
"I'd scoper begin sweeping out the officeisn't that how the big bugs start?—and touch

something now than—"I know it; we all feel that way. But I guess we can hire any sweeping we need. I made the same mistake myself of starting in

"Thirty million dollars o' mistake, wasn't it? I'd risk it for that."
"I let risk it for that."
"I let and gained some, I'll tell you."
Cheyne pulled his beard and smiled as he looked over the still water, and spoke away from Harvey, who presently began to be aware that his father was telling the story of his life. He taiked in a low, even voice, without cesture and without extression; and it was a history of forty years that was at the same time the story of forty years that was at the same time the story of forty years that was at the same time the story of file. New West, whose story is yet to be written. It began with a kinless boy turned loose in Texas, and it went on through a hundred changes and chops of life, the scenes shifting from State after Western State, from cities that sprang up in a month and in a season unterly withered away, to wild venture a number life. It covered the building of three railryeds and the deliberate wreck of a fourth. It told of steamers, tewnships, forest, and mines, and the men of every nation under heaven, manning, creating, hewing, and digging these.

It touched on chances of gigantic wealth flung before eyes that could not see, or missed by the merest accident of time and travel, and through the mad shift of thinas, and digging these.

It touched on chances of missed was and forth, deck hand, train hand, contractor, drummer, real estate agent, politician, dead beat, rumseller, mine owner, seculator, cattle man, or tramp, moved Harvey Cheyne alert and quiet, seeking his own eigh, and, so he said, the glery and advancement of his country. He told of the lait; that never described how he had bested his enemies, or forgiven him exercity as they had bested or forgiven him exercity as they had bested or forgiven him was so evident in the man's mind that he never even changed his tone. He described how he had bested his enemies, or forgiven them exactly as they had bested or forgiven him in those roaring days; how he had entrested, can't be heard of the forgiven him in these re

There's no sucar to my end of the deal,"
There's no sucar to my end of the deal,"
said Harvey. "Four years at college! Wish
I'd chosen the valet and the vacht."
"It's ill rart of the business," Cheyne insisted. "You're invessing your capital where
it'll bring in the best returns, and I guess you
won't find our property shrunk any when
you're ready to the hold. Think it over, and
let me know in the morning. Hurry! We'll
be late for supper!"

As this was a business talk there was no
need for Harvey to tell his mother about it.

As this was a business talk there was no need for Harvey to tell his mother about 12, and Cheyne naturally took the same point of view. But X.rs. Chyene saw and feared, and they have the box, who rode rough-

need for Harvey to tell his nother about it, and Cheyne naturally took the same point of view. But M.rs. Chycne saw and feared, and was a little jealous. Her boy, who rode roughshod over her, was gone, and in his stead reigned a keen-faced youth, abnormally stient, who addressed most of his conversation to his father. She understood it was business, and therefore a matter beyond her premises, if she had any doubts, they were resolved when Cheyne went to Roston and brought back a new diamond marquise ring.

What have you two men been doing now?" she said, with a weak little smile, as she turned it in the light.

"Talking just talking, mamma; there's nothing small about harvey."

There was not. The boy had made a treaty on his own account. Railroads, he explained gravely, interested him as little as lumber, real estate, or mining. What his soul yearned after was control of his father's line of sailing ships. If that could be promised him within what he conceived to be a reasonable time, i.e., for his own part, guaranteed diligence and sobriety at Miller of four or five years. In vacation he was to be allowed full access to all details connected with the line he had asked not more than two thousand questions about it—from his father's most private papers in the safe to the fugs in San Francisco harbor.

"It's a deal," said Cheyne at the last. "You alter your mind twenty times before you leave college of course; but if you take hold of it in proper shape and if you don't tie it up before you're twenty-three I'll make the thing over to you. How's that, Harvey?"

"None. Never pays to solit up a going concern. There's too much competition in the wo, id any way, and Diaks says blood kin nev to stick together. His crowd never go hack on him. That's one reason, he says, why they make such big fares. Say, the We're Here goes off to the Georges on Monday. They don't stay long ashors, do they?"

"Well, we ought to be going, too, I cuess. I've left my business hung up at lose seends, and it's time to connect again. I just ha

it, though. Haven't had a holiday like this for twenty years."

Lan't so without seeing Disko off," said Harvey, "and Monday's Memorial Day. Let's stay over that, anyway."

"What is this memorial business?" said Cheyne weakly. He, too, was not anylous to spoil the golden days.

"Well, as far as I can make out, this business is a sort of song-and-dance act, whacked un for the summer bearders. Disko don't think much of it, because they take up a subscrintion for the widows and orphans. Disko's independent. Haven't you noticed that?"

"Well-yes. A little-in spots. Is it a town show?"

"Well-yes. A little-in spots. Is it a town show?"

The summer convention is. They read out the names of the fellows drowned or gone astray since last time, and they make speeches and recite and all. Then, Disko says, the secretaries of the aid societies go into the backyard and fight over the coil teral. The real show, he says, is in the sering. The ministers all take a hand then, and there aren't any summer boarders around."

he says, is in the spring. The ministers all take a hand then, and there aren't any summer boarders around."

"I see," said Chevne, with the brilliant and perfect comprehension of one born into and bred up to city pride, "We'll stay over for Memorial Day at d get off in the alternoon."

"Guess I'll go down to Disso's and make him bring his crowd un before they sail. I'll have to stant with them, of course."

"Oh, that's it is it "said Cheyne. "I'm only a foor summer boarder, and sou're..."

"A banker full-theoded banker," Harvey sailed back as he boarded a trolley, and Cheyne went on with his dreams for the future.

Disko had no use for civic functions where appeals were made for charity, but Harvey pleaded that the giory of the day would be lost if the "We're Here's" absented themselves. Then Disko made conditions. He had heard—it was assonishing how all the world's business slong the water front—he had heard had a "kidder Philadelphia actress womsis" was going to take part in the exercises; and he mistrasted that the world had a kidder Philadelphia actress womes of particular that a stander of hindelphia had as little use for actresses as for summer boarders, but inside was inside, and hough he himself there Dan singlest had once slioped up on a matter of judgment, this thing must not be. So Harvey came back to East Glouester and spent half a day explaining it an amused necroes with a royal remaining it is not be. So Harvey came back to East Glouester and spent half a day explaining it an amused necroes with a royal remaining it is not missed was unside, and hough he hamself there had a have contempiated, and she semitted that it was justice, even as basio had said.

Chevne knew by old experience what would

busy officials, greeting one another; the slow flick and swash of bunting in the beavy sir, and the important man with a hose sluicing the brick sidewalk.

"Mother," he said suddenly, "don't you remember? After Seattle was burned out, and they got her going again?"

Mrs. Cheyne nedded and looked critically down the crooked street. Like her husband, she understood those gatherings, all the West over, and commared them one against another. The fishermen began to mingle with the crowd about the deors—blue-lowled Portuguese, their women bareheaded or shawled for the most part; clear-eyed Nova Scotiana, and men of the maritime provinces; French, Italiana, Swedes, and Danes, with outside crews of coasting schooners; and everywhere women in black, who caluted one another with a gloomy pride, for this was their day of great days.

And there w=ro ministers of many creeds—pastors of great, gilt-edged congregations down at the seaside for a rest, with shocherds of the regular work—from the pricets of the church on the hill to bush-bearded ex-salior Lutherans hall-fellow with the men of a score of boats. There were owners of lines of schooners, large contributors to the societies, and small men, their few craft pawne to the mastheads, with bankers and marine insurance agents, capitains of turn and waterboats, riggers, fitters, lumpers, saliers, boatbuilders, and coopers, and all the mixed population of the water fronts.

They drifted along the line of seats made gret, fitters iumpers, saliers, boatbuilders, and coopers, and all the mixed population of the water fronts.

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They drifted along the line of series made one of the rown officials patrolled and perspired till he shone all over with pure city tria. Even had men this

matter with the town, that it don't have a firstclass hotel?"
"Right over there to the left, Pedro,
Heads o' ro'm for you and your crowd, Why,
hat's what I tell 'em all the time. Mr. Chayne,
There's die money in it, but I presume that
don't affect you any. What we want is—
A heavy hand fell on his broadcloth shoulder, and the flushed skipper of a Portland coal
and ice coaster sun him half round. "What
in thunder do you fellows mean by clappin
the law on the town when all decent men are
at sea this way—Heln' Town's dry's a bane,
an' smells a sight vorse sense I quit. Might
he'left us one saloon for soft drinks, anyway."
Don't seem to have hildered your nourishment this morning, Carsen. I'll go into this
politics of it later. Si down by the door
and think over your arguments till I come

"What good's arguments to me? In Migne-

and think over your arguments till I come

"What good's arguments to me? In Miqueion chantagne's eighteen dollars a case,
and—"The skinner turched into his seat as
an organ preiside stienced him.
"Our new organ!" said the official proudly
to Cheyne. "Cost us four thousans dollars,
too. We'll have to get back to high license
next year to may for it. I wasn't going to let
the ministers have all the religion at their concention. Those are some of our orphans standing up to sing. My wife taught 'em. See you
again later I'm wanted on the platform."
High, clear, and true, children's voices bore
down the last noise of those settling into their
places.
"Out all to work of the Lord blees we the

High, clear, and true, children's voices bore down the last noise of those settling into their places.

"Oh, all re works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magrify Him forever."

The women throughout the hall leaned forward to look as the reiterated cadences filled the air. Mrs. Cheyns, with some others, began to breathe short; she had hardly imagined there were so many wildows in the world, and by instinct sought Farvey. He had found the "We're Here's at the back of the audience, and was standing, as by right, between Dan and Disko. Uncle Salters, returned the night before with Penn, received him suspiciously.

"Hain's your folk gone yet?" he grunted, what are you don't here, young feller?"

"Oh, all ye Seas and Floods, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him forever."

"Hain's be good right?" said Dan. "He's don there, same as the rest of us."

"Not in them clothes." Salters snarled.

"Shut your head, Salters," said Disko. 'Your bile's go a back on you. Stay right where ye are, Harve."

Then up and spoke the orator of the occa-

"Not in them clothes." Salters snarled.

"Shut your head. Salters," sait blisko. Your bile's go e back on you. Stay right where ye are, Harve."

Then up and snoke the orator of the occasion, another pillar of the municipality, bidding the sorid welcome to Gloucester, and incidentally pointing out where Gloucester excelled the rest of the world. Then he turned to the sea waith of the city, and snoke of the price that must be paid for the yearly harvest. They would hear later the mose of their lost dead—one hundred and seventeen of them. The widows stared a little and looked at one another here. Gloucester could not beast of any overwhelming mills or fa tories. Her soms worked for such wage as the sea gave, and they all knew that neither Teorges nor the Banks were cow pastures. The utmost that folk ashore could accomplish was to help the widows and the orphans, and after a few general remarks he took this opportunity of thanking, in the name of the city, those who had so public spiritedly consented to participate in the exe class.

"I jest hate the beggin places in it," growled

lic spiritedly consented to participate in the execlese.

"I jest hate the beggin pleces in it," growled Disko. "It don't give folk a fair notion of us," if folk won't be for-handed an' put by when they've the chance," returned Salters, it stands in the nature of things they hev to be shamed. You take warnin' by that, young feller. Riches endureth but for a season, of you catter them around on lugseries."

"But to lose everything everything," said P. 2. "What can you do then? Once I"the watery blue eyes stared up and down, as if looking for something to steady them. "Once I read—in a book, I think—of a boat where every one was run down except some one, and he said to me."

"bucks!" said Salters, cutting in, "You

read a little less an' take more intrust in your vittler, and you'll come nearer to earnin' your keep. Penin."

Harvey, jammed among the fishermen, felt Harvey, jammed among the fishermen, felt a creepy, crawly, tingling thrill that began in b k of his neck and ended a this boots. He was cold, too, though it was a warm day. "That the actress woman from Philadelphia?" said Diske Troop, scowling at the platform. "You've fixed it about old man Ireson, hain't ye, Harvey 'Ve know who mow." It was not 'Ireson's Ride' that the woman delivered, but some sort of noem about a fishing por called Brixham and a fiset of trawlers beating in against storm by night, while the women nide a guiding fire at the head of the quar with everything they could lay hands on.

nds on.

They took the grandam's blanket,
Who shivered and bade them go;
They took the haby's craffe,
Who could not say them no.

"Whew!" said Dan, peering over Long Jack's shoulder, "that's great! Must ha' bin expensive, though."
"Ground hog case," said the Galway man, Badly lighted port, Danny."

And knew sot all the while if they were lighting a bonfire Or only a funeral pile.

The wonderful voice took hold of people by their heart strings; and when she told how the drenched crews were flung ashore, living and dead, and they carried the b dies to the glare of the fire, asking; "Child, to this your tather?" or "Wife, is this your man?" you could hear the hard breathing all over the benches.

And when the boats of Brixham

There was very little applause when she finished. The women were looking for their handkerchiefs, and many of the men stared at the ceiling with shiny eves.

"H'm," said Naiters, "that 'ud cost ye a dollar to hear at any theatre—maybe we. Some folk, I pressoon, can afford it, "eems downright saste to me. Naow, how in Jerusalem did Cap Bart Edwardes strile adrift here?"

"N's keepin' him under," said an Eastport man tehind, "He's a poet, an' he's baound to say his piece. Comes from daown our way, too."

"No keepin' him under," said an Eastport man tshind. "He's a noet, an' he's baound to say als piece. Comes from daown our way, too."

He did not say that Capt, B. Edwarles had striven for five consecutive years to be allowed to recite a piece of his own composition on sloucester memorial lay. An amused and exhausted comeditee had at last given him his desire. The simplicity and utter happiness of the old man, as he stood up in his very best Sunday clothes, son the sudience ere he opened his meath. They sat unmurmuring through seven and thirty hatchet-made verses describing at fullest length the loss of the schooner "Joan Haskens" off the Georyes in the gale of 1807, and when he came to an end they shouted with one kindly throat.

A far-sighted Boston reporter slid away for a full cony of the epic and an interview with the author; so that earth had nothing more to offer Capt. Hart Edwardes, ex-whaler, slipwiright, master fisherman, and poet in the revenity-third year of his age.

"Nanw, I call that sensible," said the Eastport man. "I've bin over that ground with his writin', lest us he read it. In my two hands, and I can testify that he's cot all in."

"If Dan here couldn't do better'n that with one hand before breakfast, he ought to be switeled," said saiters, unholding the honor of Massachuseits on general orinciples. "Not but what I'm free to own he's considerable littiery—ier Maine. Still—"

"Guess I nele Salters goin' to die this trip. Fus compliment he sever paid me." Dan saisgered. "What's wrong, Harve? You act all q iet and you look greenish. Feelin sick?"

"Bon't know what's the matter with me." Harvey replied. "eems 's fin insides were too bit, fer my outsides. I'm all drowded up and shivery."

"Bon't know what's the matter with me." Harvey replied. "eems 's fin insides were too bit, fer my outsides. I'm all drowded up and shivery."

"Bon't know what's the metter with me." hard you look greenish. Feelin sick?"

"Bon't know what was coming. The summer boarder girls in pink and blue shirt wais atopped t

minded him of the day when he for the blood tingled all over him). Otto Svendson, 20, single, city, loss overboard.

Once more a low, tearing cry from somewhere at the back of the hall.

"She shouldn't hat come. She shouldn't hat come, said long Jack, with a cluck of pity. "Boot's scrowge, Harve," grunted Dan, Harry heard that i uch, but the reat was all darkness spotted with fiery wheels. Diske leaned forward and spoke to his wife, where she sat with one arm around Mrs. Cheyne and the other holding down the snatching, catching, ringed hands.

"Lean your head down—right dawm," she whiseered. "It'll go off in a minute."

"I cann't—I dodon't—Oh let me—" Mrs. Cheyne did not at all know what she said.

"You must," Yrs. Troop repeated. Your boy's lest fained deal away. They do that a sine when they're gettin'their growth. Wish to tand to him? We can sit sout this side, quite quiet. You come right along with me. Psha, my dear, we're both women, I gusss; we must ten't do sour men folk. Come."

The We're Here's promptly went through the crowd as a bodyguard, and it was a very white and shiken Harvey that they propoed up on a bench in an ante-room.

"Theor's his ma" was Mrs. Troop's only commen, as the mother bent over her boy.

"How d'vm suppose he could ever stand it?" she cried indirantly to Cheyne, who had said nothing at all. "It was horrible horrible. We shouldn't have come. It's wrong and wicked. It—it isn'tright, Why—why couldn't they put these things in the papers—where they belong. Are you better, darling?"

That made Harvey very properly ashamed. "Oh. I'm all right, I guess," he said, strucgling to his feet with a broken signle. "Must ha' been something I are for breakfast."

"Coffee, perhans," said Cheyre whose face was all in hard lines, as though it had been cut out of bronze. "We won't go back again."

"Goess twould be haouts well to git doown to the wharf," said Disko. "It's close in along with them Dacoes, an' the fresh air will bring Mrs. Cheyne around."

"Harvey announced that he never felt better in

Harver 'ade Dat, take care of Uncle Satters's sea loots and Ponn's dory anchor, and Long Jack entreated Harvey to remember his lessons in seamanshio, but the lokes fell flat in the presence of the two women, and it is hard to be funny with green harbor water widening between cood friends.

"Un ilband fores le," shouted Disko, getting to the wheel, as the wind took her. "See you later. Harve, Dunno, but I come near thickin' a heap o' you an' your folks."

Then she glided beyond earshot, and they sat down to watch her up he harbor. And still Mrs. Cheyne wept.

"Psia, my dear," said Mrs. Troop, "we're both, women, I gness. Like's not it'll ease your heart to hev your cryaout. God He nows it never does me a mite o' good, but then He gnows I've had something to cry fer."

Now, it was four good years later, and upon

Now it was four good years later, and upon the other edge of America, that a young man carrie through the clammy sea fog up a windy et, which is flanked with most expensive houses, built of wood, to imitate stone. To him, as he was standing by a hammered iron gate, entered on horseback-and the horse would have been theap at a thousand dollars— another young man. And this is what they said:

another young man. And this is what they said:

"Hello, Dan!"

"Hello, Harve"

"Wat's the best with you?"

"Well, I'm so's to be that kind o' animal called second mate this trip. Ain't you most through with that triple-invoiced college o' yours?"

"Getting that way. I tell you the Leland Stanford, Junior isn't a circumstance to the old Were Here, but I'm coming into the business for keeps next fall."

"Meanin' aour packets?"

"Nothing else. You just wait till I get my knife into you. Dan. I'm going to make the old line He down and cry when I take held."

"I'll resk it," said Dan, with a brotherly grin, as Harvey dismounted and asked whether he were coming in.

rin, as Harvey dismounted and asked whether he were coming in the ker exceeding the ker took the cable fer; but, say, it the Dector anywhere arraound? I'll draown that crazy nigger some day, his one cussed joke an' all."

There was a low, triumphant chuckle, as the ex-cook of the We're Here came out of the fog to take the horse's bridle. He allowed no one else to attend to any of Harvey's wants.

"Thick as the Fanks, ain't it. Doctor?" said "Thick as the Fanks, ain't it, Doctor?" said Dan, propitiatingly.

Rut the coal-black Celt with the second sight did not see fit to reply till he had tapped Dan on the shoulder, and for the twentieth time creaked the old, old, prophecy in his ear:

Master-man. Man-master," said he;
"You remember, Dan Troop? On the We're Here?"

Here?"
"Well. I won't go so far as to deny that it do look like it as things stand at present," said Dan. "She was an able packet, and one way an' another I ows her a heap—her and dad," "e, too," quoth Harvey Cheyne. THE KND.

TENPINS AND TENPIN BALLS. Popular Than Ever.

Tenpins are made of rock maple, and cost \$3.50 set. They formerly cost more, but, with a greater demand and increased sales, prices have been reduced. A perfectly turned and handsomely polished rock maple pin is a symmetrical and sightly object. Standing in the window of a dealer in this city is a tenpin of bird's-eye maple which is beautiful, and attracts much attention. And bird's eye maple would be a good wood for tenpins, but it costs twice as much as rock nable, or more, and the beauty spots would scarcely he visible from the other end of a sev-

scarcely he visible from the other end of a seventy-foot alley.

The regulation tempin is fifteen inches high, and fifteen inches in circumference at the largest part and two and a quarter inches in diameter at the base. Pins are sometimes made shorter, and sometimes longer and bigger for family alleys, so that they may be knocked down more easily; but fifteen inches is the regulation height. Tenpin balls are sometimes made of rosewood, sometimes of maple, but lignum vite is the best wood for tenpin balls.

Bowling is more popular now in this country than ever before. Up to about fifteen years ago the majority of bowlers here were Germans. Now bowling alleys are provided in many clubs, and there are more public and more private alleys than ever, especially at seashore and country residences, where there are to be found alleys elaborately fitted up with fine woods.

ties were mostly single men and strengers, bigs.

AD DVER'S ROMANCE.

It is were mostly single men and strengers, bigs.

And the voice range loud in the stillness of the halfBarg, ba-shoopers Proving Anderson, tools, with the strengers, but were the strengers, but were the strengers, and the strengers was an analysis of the strengers, and the strengers was an analysis of the strengers, and the strengers was an analysis of the strengers, and the strengers was an analysis of the strengers, and the strengers was an analysis of the strengers, and the strengers was an analysis of the strengers and the strengers was an analysis of the strengers of the strengers was an analysis of the strengers

I might even admit, too, that the business of the Gleaner had some attraction for me. She was off treasure fishing to the Canaries; she was chartered by a little company that called itself the S. S. Corinth Salvage Association, and the work for her engineers promised to be light. We should steam down channel, through the bay and down to the spot among the Islands where the Corinth had been sunk. And there we should swing at anchor while the boats went off with the divers to do their work. We should keep banked fires in case an onshore breeze came and we had to steam out, but as a general thing there would be no watches for us engi-

neers and full pay going all the time.
"It'll be the softest job you've tumbled into for many a long day, Mr. McTodd," said the old man when he offered me the berth. "We shall be quite a family ship. There's a big, large cabin, and we shall all mess together-mates, engineers, divers, and passengers with your chief at one end of the table and me at the other." "Passengers I" said I. "I thought this was a

salvage job." "They are coming just for a cruise; a Mr. Kent and his wife and her sister, a Miss Bradbury. Of course the Gleaner hasn't got a passenger certificate, so they will have to sign articles like the rest of us to get to windward of the Board of frade. The ladies will be stewardesses, and Mr. Kent can take his choice between being doctor and fourth mate."

"Are they interested in this salvage I" "Not a bit," said Capt. Boyd. "They're people of means, and Miss Bradbury writes novels. They pay for their grub and rooms as they would on a regular packet. They're just coming to see the diving and get a blow of sea air, and I shouldn't wonder but what the young lady writes a book about it when she gets home. So keep your hair combed straight, Mr. McTodd. It's a pretty big affair, anyway. The Corinth

took down £270,000 worth of gold with her when she foundered. She was a Cape toat, you know, coming home,"

"Her propeller shaft broke, didn't it, somewhere in the after end of the tunnel !" "That's the idea, Mac. There was a breeze on at the time, and I suppose she was racing badly. And it ripped the stern plating to smithereens when it went. Of course, the sliding door to the so they had just got to swamp. There was no help for it. They'd half an hour to get clear in. and the boats saved about two-thirds of her peo-ple. I guess the rest of the poor beggars are in

at the lip of the pit. I took it in my hand, was away from the world of air in this lonel world of water. Cameron and I were the onl human occupants, with none to averlook us, an I felt that I ought to be on my great hearing him. From his point of view it was clear I knew too much.

too much be returned from out of the was about to go back sanin round the the steamer, but I touched him with m and he turned. Then I jointed to the read he turned and he came my cless an shall share."
I wrote a laborious reply with the peak of the shovel: "Carnot deal with you. Am bound to

I wrote a laborious reply with the peak of the shovel: "Carnot deal with you. Am bound to employers."

He scribbled "£25,000" and watched my fees. I shook my head inside the helmet.

He wrote "£30,000" and booked at me again. I wrote "Not for £27,000." I saw he was ready to spring upon me, and held the showel edge above my shoulder handy to cut him down. He considered for a minute and then worder. "If you blow on me you will kill her. Showel et al. "If you blow on me you will kill her. Showel her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich. There was no other way. She is half dead with anxiety. You must have seen that." I nodded. He wrote on:

"Then considered her. Mac, and make your own fortune at the same time."

I could not stand any more of this. I have been poor enough all my life, and God knows I ken the value of siller. If it had not been that Cart. Boyd trested me in the way he did, and looked in my eye when he gave me the job. I'll not say what might have hapnened. It takes a strong man to resist the bigger temptations, and—I'm no ower lusty. I beckoned to the water surface above with my shovel and took a step forward. With his arm he implored me to pause.

"Are you going to report what you have seen I'he wrote.

I shrueged my shoulders.

he wrote.

I shrugged my shoulders.

Through the glass of his helmet I saw his face

Above with not shoved and took a step forward, both and tired to see if I could make her out and tired to see if I could make her out and the work was gray with mul from the working below. Looking down into it was like in the county of the county of the work was gray with mul from the working below. Looking down into it was like in the county of the work was gray with mul from the working below. Looking down into it was like in the working below. Looking down into it was like in the working below. Looking down into it was like in the working below. Looking down into it was like in the working below. Looking down into it was like in the working below. Looking down into it was like in the working below. Looking down into it was like in the working below. Looking down into it was like in the working below. Looking down into the working below. Looking down into the working below in the working was a lassie as whiter and things every day. You could a many see the feels ship away from her bones, and her face that made one six to look at all himself with the working down into a working and a working was looked to look at all himself with the working was looked to marry by this time, and in mest say the way that he and the other diver worked was a could was a looked with the work of the worked was a could was a looked with the work of the worked was a could was a looked with the work of the worked was a could was looked with the work of the worked was a could was a looked with the work of the work of the work of the work was worked was a could was a looked was a looked was a looked with the work of the work

it always seems to me there's small profit to be got out of there swearing; but I cursed then till Cameron blenched before me, and the air ought to have tasted sulphury.

"Look here," I said to him. "I give you your choice. Those boxes are to be taken back from the pit and stowed back inside the Corinth tomorrow; then we'll announce that we've dug away the mud, and can get at the strong room; and next day we'll warp the Gleaner across, rig a whip, and let her holst them on board one be one with her own winch. If you'll do this, I'll work with you so long as my arms will move; if you refuse, I'll go to the Old Man now and tell him what I know.

"You are playing me a very dirty game," said he.
I stormed at him. "Am I f' I cried, "Couldn't I get you into jail I Couldn't I have put you in irons this moment as a common their! But I want to help you out of your mess, because of a rosson you know."

"Why in thunder, man, won't you help yourself, too, and be rich I"
"Because of a reason you would not understand."
"It may be a dangerous deal for you yet," he

Tooks time to the face and did it cheeffolly.

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